

- I. IT IS THE FIRST THING THAT I NOTICE ABOUT YOU, THAT SMIRK. THE ANGLE OF ALL KNOWING STRETCHED ACROSS THE LENGTH OF YOUR MOUTH. YOUR EYES SWEEP THE ROOM DISMISSING ALL BUT TWO OR THREE. YOU CANNOT DISMISS ME, I AM THE HOSTESS OF THE PARTY. YOUR PALE BUT UNMISTAKEABLY HAUGHTY LAUGH MAKES ME SHIVER AS WE EXCHANGE POLITE GREETINGS. YET IN THE PRETENTIOUSNESS OF OUR ACKNOWLEDGEMENT, A DEEP UNDERCURRENT ZINGS BACK AND FORTH. WE LOCK AND DANCE A SARCASTIC TANGO.
- II. My grandmother and grandfather told me that last night in the middle when the winds had stilled and the owls honored the quiet of the night, they heard old songs sung. Very old songs that had words not even used any longer by my grandparents. The songs were coming from the campsite, settled before the whitepeople, alongside the creek across from the burial trees.
- III. I QUICKLY SHUT DOWN MY ACCESSES, THE CREVICES, THE CRACKS, THE TINIEST HOLE YOU COULD FIND YOUR WAY INTO ME. I SHUT THEM FAST - SLAM! SLAM! SLAM! WITH EACH CLOSING YOU GLANCE TOWARD ME, BEGINNING TO LOOSEN YOUR TIGHT INTENT, HOPING TO SEDUCE ME INTO LEAVING A TRAIL.....FOR YOU.
- IV. I always sat on her aproned lap with my boots and braids and always quiet. She was my grandmother's mother. Her one room log cabin had a soothing darkness. I always went to her immediately upon our arrival. She was my grandmother's mother and english they didnt speak.
- V. YOU'VE MADE A JOKE. I ADD TO IT. THE JOKE BECOMES FUNNIER. YOU THEN TELL ME OF THE COLOR SURROUNDING ME AND THAT MAYBE I SHOULD SING. I SAY "THAN'S AN INTERESTING IDEA." AND NOW I BEGIN TO SMIRK.
- VI. My grandmother saw me walking up form the hill, across the patch of grass to our house. She said I walked past the kitchen window but never came into the house. She told me this an hour later when I came home.
- VII. MY HEAD IS STARTING TO SWIM. THERE IS GREAT EMBARRASSMENT. YOU SIT LOOKING AT ME WONDERING, "HOW AM I GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS CONVERSATION." BUT WE BOTH KNOW THAT IT IS MORE THAN A CONVERSATION THAT YOU WANT TO GET OUT OF. MY SMIRK FACED GODDESS IS TOO EASY TO FOLLOW, TO TEAR APART, TO SHRIVEL, TO BLOW AWAY.
- VIII. It walked quickly into the bedroom of my mother. My crib was there too. It grabbed the end bed post with one hand, and grabbed the end crib post with the other and slowly looked from her to me and back to her. It shuffled quietly to my bed and stood and stood. Many times in the night. Then became a white-silver ball of light floating away.
- IX. YOUR HAIR IS BLACK BUT WITHOUT SHEEN. IT IS DYED-DULL BLACK. LIFELESS YET BRINGING YOUR FACE INTO CONTRAST. LIPS BRIGHT RED. WE HAVE BECOME QUIETER, MUCH LIKE THE AIR FOLLOWING THE PASSING OF AN INTENSE LIGHTENING STORM. OFF IN THE DISTANCE YOU CAN SEE THE SKY LIGHT UP WHEN A BOLT HITS THE GROUND. BUT HERE CLOSE IS LEFT ONLY..COOL AIR. YOU CAN RELAX, BECOME WARM, HEAR THE DISTANT RUMBLE OF THUNDER - BUT YOU ARE SAFE. OUR STORM HAS PASSED.
- X. The doctor tells my mother: Your daughter was born with a caul, the white veil. It covered her entire body. This rarely happens. Take very good care of her. This is a sign. She has a special destiny. This is the burden I carry. My body betrays me - it speaks to me of the truth that I deny over and over. My secret. Dreams, visions and nightmares of the grossest and most beautiful kind. I often times know when someone is close to their death. Other times I know what your words are before you know your're going to say them. I can see you as children - vignettes of your childhood run through my mind. I KEEP MYSELF TO MYSELF - AFRAID OF THIS POWER, THIS ABILITY. A smirk faced goddess I am too.

Autumn is dried corn stalks in a field. I am there. The sky is blue endless, endless. Pheasants run through the stalks - surprising themselves with their noises. The leafless trees bring chill in the morning. I am there too. Bluejays sing to ripe mushrooms in the moist woods. I am there. The snakes are curled asleep, the nests are empty - the clouds come later to make grey days leaving no shadows for geese overhead. Autumn. I am there.

Winter. Winter. You can find me there - in the skies - northern lights, illusive, shimmering disappearing - light upon light - there, there in the sky - I am - snow falling wet and it too disappears. Inside - inside - seek refuge. It is warm - a simmering stew on wood burning stove - I am there - the steam rising - sweet smelling, settling on window panes, quietly, quietly - creeks run smooth under ice.

But no - lightening strikes the ground fast - brilliant and clear - creates static too. I am there. Crackling - jagged and dangerous - above, the thunder - I am there, I am there. Swirling, power that is awesome, strong, loud, rumbling sky and earth. Sunset in summer over mountains is purple red blue gold pink and then dark is night. Snakes travel in pairs so do I - sleep when sun is high, bringing dry winds, give you no comfort. I am there on certain hills where wild turnips grow - stop - be certain that is wild turnip you dig - not it's deceptive sister growing close - fooling you, fooling you. Summer, summer is hot drenched rocks, I am there.

Springtime - I am there - the meadowlark - first bird to sing - bringing you messages - listen, listen I am there - far off wild animals stir, bears, prairie dogs even coyotes get happier - I am there - the warm spring breeze ice melts above eagle soars - I am there - soft green grass and delicate bark - springtime.

Eager waits the shale cliffs along the creek - smooth wet rounded pebbles - dig your hands in, squeezing, digging deeper - pushing along it's wetness, fingertips want more. I am there - sliding rolling toward dark moss on banks - I am there, sand bars exposed - waiting for creek ripples to leave more grainy sand - smooth, waiting, waiting, I am there.

I am there - find me - see me - know me - in your dreams - in your quiet moments - when you sit alone by river - thinking - find me - see, I am there - when you're scared - when you're angry, just before swollen tears fall - I am there. I am there - sweet sage is burning - cleansing the air.



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ron's (canteska wicasa) indians

by Barbara M. Cameron

grand daughter of Jennie Nation Shield, MIL, Fb.HL

great grand daughter of Mary Nation Shield, MIL, Fb.HL

my grandfather in the early mornings
moving silently amongst dew drops ^{and rocks} to the top of the hills
his ~~own~~ breath the only clouds against ~~the~~ the
chilly morning colors — often watched the prairie grouse dance
(ron's indians he was not)

my grandfather in mid-afternoons
walking through ~~prairie~~ prairie grass near the creek

~~the wambli lives where the wambli lives~~

~~he speaks to himself as he walks~~

he speaks to himself as he walks ~~a~~

occasionally glancing to the north to the

↪ buttes where the wambli lives

he speaks to himself as he walks and is
stopped by a coyote as intent, who
is talking to himself too.

(ron's indians he was not)

~~my grandfather stands beside me~~

my great grand mother

long braids

Shiny under hot sun

picking cherries

must be still

an enemy

suddenly appears

Robert drives us in his new pickup
to Zuni from Santa Fe

Robert sings a Santo Domingo song for good travel for safe travel

corn meal is ~~threw away~~ tossed out The windows

Singing its way down

(Ron's Indians he was not)

She studied by Kerosene lamp

their house visible to ours

her Ph.D borne by pungent smells of the lamp

Borne by cutting the wick to burn brighter

Borne by washing the ~~lamp~~ chimney ^{lamp} from the
blackness burned

Borne by walking to the school bus in deep snow drifts

her Ph.D ~~brings~~ brings her back to home always

(Ron's Indians she was not)

that

~~to Zuni we stay up~~

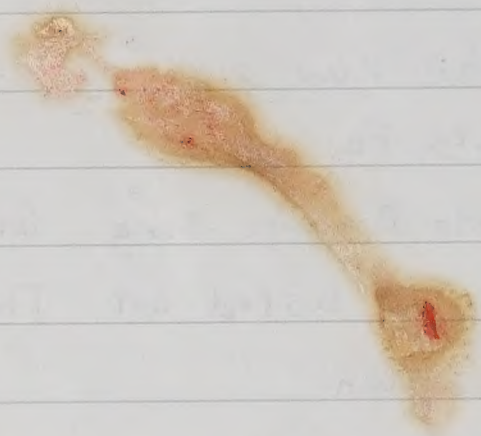
In Zuni I dream about Leatrice's father

he ~~put~~ ^{put} cornmeal into a hole in my hand

I tell her this, She says how did you

know that my father is a medicine man

(Ron's Indians we are not)



The Deer of Peace, Ro Huston

The deer seems passionless
But his eyes reveal softness
And distant sadness

The deer, passionless
Eyes revealing softness
and distant sadness

The early evening hours
Bring him out
Seeking unpressured moments
In the cool air

Seeking unpressured moments
in the cool air
as early evening hours
Bring him out

~~The evening gentleness~~
Mirrored in his eyes
Protects him
For a short time each day

The gentleness of evening
Mirrored in his eyes
Protects him
For a short time

The flutter of bird wings
Startle him
The loud sound ~~dear~~ of
~~the~~ A flying bug
~~disturbs his tranquility~~ Disturbs his tranquility

He seeks what ~~he~~ cannot have
~~he dreams of it~~ Dreaming
Listening ~~asleep~~
Till all the birds ~~have gone to sleep~~
~~have gone to sleep~~
Have gone to sleep

Traveling from east to west
Maybe to meet someone in destiny
a destiny your heart betrays
leaving only dust in the air
to be calmed by tears from the face
this face, those eyes do not lie to you
Why do you lie to me
destiny is your witness
finding a ring on the floor
never to be worn on your finger
the winds of dust

a wonderland of thunder
means I'm in love with you
or perhaps the destiny of you
in love with the destiny of you
Do not ask ~~me~~ to touch me again

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